She shall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
Well, keepe no great ado, a friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a doozen friends,
And there an end, but what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thursday were to morrow.

Ca. Well get you gone, a Thursday be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber ho,
Afore mee, it is so very late that wee may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Iuliet *aloft.*

Iu. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke the herauld of the morne,
No Nightingale, looke loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering cloudes in yonder East:
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocand day
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Iu. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua.*
Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Ro. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the the morning: eye,

Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias*
Nor that is not the Larke whose
The vaultie heauen so high aboue
I haue more care to stay then will
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet*
How ist my soule? lets talke it is n
Iu. It is, it is, hie hence be gone
It is the Larke that sings so out of
Straining harsh Discords, and vn
Some say, the Larke makes swee
This doth not so: for she diuidet
Some say the Larke and loathed
O now I would they had changd
Since arme from arme that voyce
Hunting thee hence, with Huntsv
O now be gone, more light and li
Romeo. More light and light
woes.

Enter Mada

Nur. Madam.

Iu. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is cūm
The day is broke, be wary, looke
Iuli. Then window let day in,
Ro. Farewell, farewell, one kis
Iu. Art thou gone so loue, Lord
I must heare from thee euery day
For in a minute there are many d
O by this count I shall be much i
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo.*

Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings

Iu. O thinkst thou we shall eu

Rom. I doubt it not, and all the
For sweete discourses in our time

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3